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THE GONZALES MURDER.

"Who will take the place of the murdered editor, Gonzales?" "Who will invite the hazaris?" These are questions now asked in South Carolina.

They would seem to be an impeachment of the civilization that makes them necessary. An editor frank in his criticism of a public official is shot down in cold blood, assassinated with almost unexampled brutality. Is it conceivable, as these questions imply, that another journalist will fear to occupy the vacant chair and take up the unfinished work? Is that to be the penalty of outspoken opinion in a Southern State?

We cannot think so. There have been occasions all too numerous in the South when the taking of human life by an individual constituting himself judge, jury and executioner was condoned because of the atrocity of the crime prompting the revenge. In the case of the shooting of Editor Gonzales there can be no such condonement or exculpatory verdict. The assault on him was an assault on the right of free speech in the entire nation. The shot fired by Tillman was fired at every American editor in whom the courage of his opinions makes the exposure of wrong and the condemnation of official unfitness as much a duty as the publication of the news. Editorial opinion restrained by fear of personal chastisement and moulded to conform to the rule of the revolver would be farcically weak and worthless.

It is not to be believed that public sentiment in South Carolina will permit such a degradation of the press through the failure to make an example of the murderer Tillman. There is, as we know from other indications and from the direct assertion of Southern educators and publicists, a new South whose focus of public sentiment is the public school-house. And where the public school is there is to be found the enlightened tolerance that makes absolute free speech possible. The agreement of opinion that permits disagreements of opinion-that is true civilization and an expression of it is what is looked for in the conviction of Tillman of wanton murder.

THE GATES TYPE.

A very objectionable type of American finds its fullest expression and most conspicuous development in the John W. Gates kind of financier. We did not need Mr. Morgan's characterization of this Western speculator He has pressed his last Kiss on her as "dangerous" to know that he is so. The realization oh! the dreary Past is sere and brown, came long ago to all who have watched his career; the Take an axe and hew it down!"

Ever your friend, LAURA SLOCUM. as "dangerous" to know that he is so. The realization testimony concerning him and his "Monon" deal before the Interstate Commerce Commission simply affords a From R. Dusenberry to Miss Slonew opportunity for making an estimate of his character

It is the incarnation of the gambling spirit in Gates that makes him objectionable. With him all business affairs are simply an enlargement and extension of the all fired stuck up you think you air game of poker, "bluff" and "freeze-out" on a wider sum punkins. enny way Cora Smith scale for larger stakes and with more important consequences. In mercantile life this type of American does pap butchered weneday, three of the the largest possible business on the smallest allowable capital. And when the crash comes it is less a matter of bankruptcy for him than of ruin for his oreditors. clover was so short the bumbley bees When this kind of financier adds to business reckless- had to git down on there nees to suck ness and speculative tendencies an unscrupulousness of the honey, try to fergit me, I know it

conduct he becomes the worst of disturbing elements in the conservative business world.

We were enabled to gain a notion of the progress of national encouragement of such financial practices by toleration by the death the other day of the man who in the storms of differ may your umbreller be held up by a nice your feller. toleration by the death the other day of the man who be held up by a nice yung feller.
R. DUZENBERRY, Esq. was chiefly responsible for the building of the "Nickel Plate" road. When this road and the West Shore were From Miss Slocum to Mr. Frank constructed it was with the avowed purpose not of ending a Vanderbilt monopoly but of making the Vanderbilts buy them for self-protection; we had a new form of commercial blackmail on a larger scale. No moralist ing Club, of Williamsburg, to-morrow recalled the deed for criticism when this financier died; hight. Yes, 1 am heart free, but you the new Gates kind of hold-up practised on the Monon must not presume upon this. Were I is so long a step in advance of the "Nickel Plate" raid as to make it tolerable by comparison and unworthy of comment. The former was to the latter as the work of a country footpad to the professional execution of a

APOSTLES OF THE ÆSTHETIC. Apostles of the aesthetic, advocates of esoteric cul-

ture, disciples of Delsarte we have had from across the sea in numbers—Oscar Wilde with his silk knickerbockers and his lily; Russell, the Delsartean, in the loose flowing robes of classic costume; Le Gallienne, fresh shield the real guilty person, the es from his quest of the golden girl, with the poetic subtle- caped convict, who is the brother of the ties of symbolism. Now in their train comes the Comte woman you love. I would like to mee de Montesquiou-Fezensac, poet of the blue hydrangea, poet of mystery. At his feet we are invited to sit and learn, at \$5 per lecture, of the hidden meaning of the low. Sincerely, L. S. flash of the diamond, the soul significance of the perfume of the rose and other forms of learning most desirable From Claud Barnes Tormer to of acquisition.

These visitors have their uses, not to be spoken of too lightly or with contempt. As the tiny wasp came all the way from Smyrna to fertilize the sour figs of California and make them sweet, so these butterflies come across the ocean to brush a little fructifying pollen on our material minds and make them prolific of this turkey troupe put together. I am

ing "For Honor's Sake" twice a day We are a corn-fed nation; it was only the other day and rehearsing for "Finnigan's Wake" that the foundations were laid of our stock yards and off-well and railroad fortunes. We are still a little off is on the cheese, as the star wants in our perceptions of the relation of the true to the all the fat, and is sore because I eat beautiful and the real to the ideal. There are many of him up in "For Honor's Sake." He beautiful and the real to the ideal. There are than, on the never gets a hand, although he hogs an anxious for to shine in the high aesthetic line and they the good lines. I expect to go out at the many next the head of my own company next the head of my will welcome Montesquiou and lend ear to his theories, the head of my own company next Having the diamonds, they will be glad to learn the season. I have a great play called subtle significance of their flash.

SOME WHO FAILED.

By contrast with the stories of prosperity that are so s, some of them wonder tales of the acquireant of riches, the following simple annals of misfor-

water-tank towns or whistling stations and all I need is a backer. wagon he was driving at \$8 a week. He lost his fortune in the Cordage crash of 1893, but did not take to drink. J. Daly, in the seventice a member of a tea importing firm and

field, at thirty-five Claffin's smartest salesman, with asy of \$10,000 a year. He accumulated \$200,000 and lost it in a panie of 1873. Recognized in Harlem Police Court by Magis-ste Grane, an old Claffin office boy.

rth \$500,000. He took to drink.

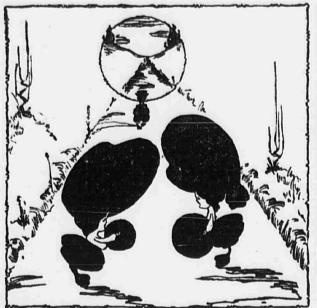
and all I need is a backer.

There is a good part for a young amateur, that of Kitty, the Housemaid, if I could get a talented young lady who could furnish the capital to back the show. It is a very important part. Kitty opens the play. As the curtain goes up she is dusting the furniture and says: "Ah, young Master Harold, how handsome and manly he is. How noble, how grand—ah, here he comes now!" It is a very easy part, because you wouldn't have to come on the stage again except to help me steal the forged letters in the third act. You may send me flowers if you want to. But don't send me a bunch on the bum that looks like my friends had gone to Greenwood and robbed a grave. Let me hear from you. Yours ruly,

CIAULD BARNES TORMER,
America's Foremost and Most Dashing Romantic Actor. Now Appearing in Repartoire with the Climax Stock Comof these unfortunate was fifty when misfortune him. It was not too late to try again, and inckily made the attempt, but once down he impossible to regain his footing. In literature any write "Robinson Crusoe" at fifty-eight, like or even at eighty a great history like Mommsen. So or art or philosophy his years will not handible to undertake at fifty to build up a new lieb business means a struggle against adverse which these nalucky ones were not carried to the struggle against adverse which these nalucky ones were not carried to the struggle against adverse which these nalucky ones were not carried to the struggle against adverse which these nalucky ones were not carried to the struggle against adverse which these nalucky ones were not carried to the struggle against adverse which these nalucky ones were not carried to the struggle against adverse to the struggle against adv

THE = EVENING=

WISE WILLIE SHOWS THE LITTLE BIG-HAT SISTERS WHAT AN AUTO IS.





THE LOVE

Jean Libbey says:

LETTERS

BY ROY M'CARDELL.

NO. VIII.

No Mr. Renben Duzenberry, Smith

ville, Ind.

Lovers once, but Strangers now,

snow-white Brow.

EAR SIR: Our engagement was

O MISS LAURA SLOCUM, Brooklyn

-Shucks! 4 dont care. ever since

you left smithville you've got so

company. But you'll miss the news

Beasley's bilding another silo. ensilage

BAR MR. WILSON-I shall be

No. XI.

From Laura Slocum to Mr. Claud

Company, Brooklyn:

Barnes Tormer, Climax Stock

CAR SIR-You will be surprised

But you look so proud and noble when

you refuse to deny that you murdered your kind old grandfather, and so

you, for you are the most handsome

No. XII.

Miss L. S., care of Miss Nellie

Johnston, Cranberry street,

EAR MISS L. S .- I was glad to

get your letter, though it is

more mash notes than all the shines in

sorry I can't meet you, as we are play-

in the morning. My part next week

"Every Inch a Gentleman," wrote for

centre of the stage. I won't play no

farce-comedy hit "On the Hog."

nothing new to me, as I get

to receive this from a young gir

who is a total stranger to you

pleased to accompany you to the Elite Upper Four Hundred Danc-

hogs wayed over & hundred,

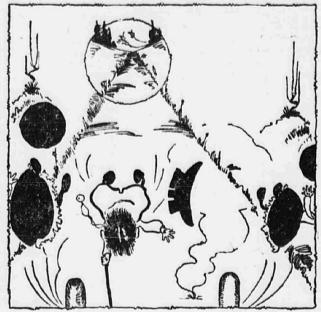
mistake. I release you from the

troth you plighted. As Laura

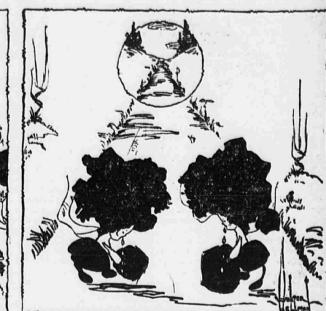
OF LAURA.



WISE WILLIE-Yes, I know all about autos. I'll stop



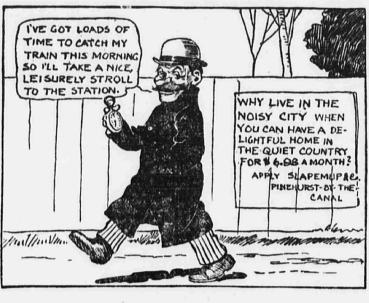
WISE WILLIE (Coming back toward earth again)-That's one now. Did you see how it works?

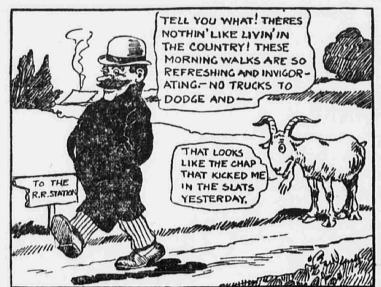


LOU and LENA-Our new hats and muffs are ruined

ANOTHER TIME MR. HOTFOOT COMMUTER WAS LATE.

Artist Kahles Shows How He Took a Day Off-Without Notice.













Four of the Best Jokes of the Day.

POWER OF IMAGINATION. me by Charley Face, who wrote the big ou went to see one of those old New England plays. Was it realistic?" 'Every Inch a Gentleman" the rest of "Indeed it was. Why, when the rain the cast are only on to feed me. And storm came up Uncle Henry's corns began to hurt him."—Chicago News. never get five inches away from the

THE SADDEST THING OF ALL. "What, in your opinoin, is the worse thing about death?" "Generally it is the thing they give out as having been the dead man's fa vorite poem."—Chicago Record-Herald.

NO GOOD WILL HERE.

"Did Johnson's purchase include also the good will of the business?" "There wasn't any good will to it. ought out."-Syracuse Herald.

THE PLEASURE HIS. Bubbubs-Well, we've had a good ood at our house for the past week. Citiman-I thought you couldn't get

A Difficult Scissors Feat.



Take a pair of scissors (not too large), I way that when the scissors reach them and hang them on your little finger, as they (the scissors) will rest on the hands shown in Fig. 1. The trick is to throw for an instant. In this position only them upward and toward you in such a the first joints of the little fingers will manner that when you have brought be in the scissors, as you will observe the backs of your hands together the in Fig. 2. Now bring your hands still was a coal dealer that Johnson blades will be pointing upward, as in closer together and roll your knuckles outward, bringing your hands toward This is another of those seconingly you until the backs meet, then down simple tricks, but a key is required to ward and upward, and the scissors, i

HOME FUN FOR WINTER EVENINGS.

CONUNDRUMS. If you throw a bone into the fire, what will it become? Hot. What are the sickest things in

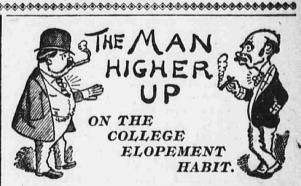
house? The windows; because they have so many panes (pains). Why are Miss Monet and Curly Locks kissing each other like an emblem of Christianity? Because they are doing into others as they would that men should do unto them.

Which sea had you rther sleep in? Adriatic (a dry attic). Everything has it and a needle has it

Why is a married man like a fire? Because he provokes his wife by going out at night.

PROVERB GUESSING.

Send a guesser out of the room and set all the other boys and girls around in a circle. Select a familiar proverb and give one word of it to each person. unlock it, as you will find by repeated you have mastered the trick, will turn blades upward as already explained in when you have hung the scissors as explained above, simply throw them upward and toward you, with the hands lead cose and placed together in such a some are estimated to the cost of the cos



ERE'S the announcement of the elopement of another millionaire Harvard student," re marked The Cigar Store Man.

"I can't understand it," replied The Man Higher Up Of course, it is as natural for a millionaire Harvard man to elope as it is for him to holler "Rah! 'Rah! Rah!' but this young Lorillard has set a new page. He hasn't eloped with a chorus girl or a divinity with liquid eyes and a fish-skin pearl necklace who pounded counter and enunciated 'Cash!' in a Boston dry goods store. He has outraged Harvard traditions by running away and marrying a girl in his own set.

"You can snowball the layout with bets that he has ost his grip with those long-haired, pipe-smoking boys at Cambridge. There were three musical comedies, 1 comic opera and a medicine show in town, and hard young Lorillard goes and runs off with a girl that his family had no objections to. This is coppering ro mance, from a Harvard standpoint. It will take a whole lot of massaging to help Harvard recover from the blow

"What makes it a more crimson offense is that he is a freshman. Never can he sit at a meeting of the Hi Hi Melta Pi and tell how in his freshman year he sloped with Dolly Dingbats, of the 'Russet Shoe' company, whose former husband was a bill-poster, and who agreed to get a divorce after his papa's lawyer had promised her as automobile and a real squirrel-skin coat. A Harvard graduate who hasn't got a rave like that to shed at a social gathering of alumni is like a soldier who never

came pretty near getting shot. "What fascination has the chorus girl for a college student? For one thing, she's different. You take the average freshman and put him in a crematory, and the best he could do would be smoke. All his life he has known none but real nice girls who speak properly and don't know anything to talk about but things

interest him. "When he goes to college he feels like a two-year-old in a blue-grass pasture. He hikes out to the theatre and finds out that it is easy to get acquainted with the damsels who frisk on the stage. Generally he falls to the

first one he meets. "He doesn't see the cigarette stains on her fingers, but he does see her fine complexion and her perfect teeth. Her manners are something that put him in a trance of admiration. When she says, 'Quit yer kiddin'!' or, 'You're stringin' me, Harry,' it sounds to him like the song of an angel. When she shows up bright and breezy after a late supper of lobster and champagne he is lost in amazement.

"She tells him the story of her life; how her popper lost all his money in a hot-ice concern and how her poor mommer was reduced to the extremity of keeping boarders; she tells how she went out into the cold, cruel world to make a living for herself and her female parent, and when she gets through the Willie boy is weeping on her shoulder, with her perfumed hair tickling his care.

"Then it's all off. If she won't marry him, he says, e'll do the Dutch. If he only knew it, she wouldn't miss marrying him if he was twice as young. After marraige the illusion faces like a flame from the chimney of a gas-house, papa gets soaked for an alimony settlement, and the chorus girl, having graduated from the freshman lass, goes out to look for a generous broker.

"Does it hurt the college boy?" asked the Cigar Stor "It does him good," replied The Man Higher Up. "My

experience is that you can sting a college boy just once."

FAST RAILROAD TRAVEL.

A Paris writer claims for France the fastest railroad train n the world. He says that the Northern Railroad has a special between Paris and Amiens doing eighty-one and three quarter miles in seventy-seven minutes, giving an average speed of sixty-three and one-half miles an hour, and on the same route by other trains it registers speeds of sixty-one and one-half miles an hour, maintained for 120 miles, and 50.3 and fifty-eight miles an hour for distances exceeding a hunand fifty-eight interest of the fact comes into immediate con-dred miles at a stretch. The fact comes into immediate con-trast with the deplorable attempts of the English lines have ing boat trains in connection with the changel steamers. The Boutheastern and Chatham Railroad this year has conspicuously failed to approach its own record of last year-one hour and forty-one minutes from London to Dover pier, which works out at something under fortylfive miles an hour for the seventy-five and one-half miles. Even with this liberal ties allowance the English trains are never on time, but the French are invariably. A record is claimed in a recent run of the mail and express from Boulegne to Paris. Owing to the late arrival of the boat from Folkstone the train was the late arrival of the boat from Folkstone the train we forty-six minutes late in leaving Boulogne, but the engine driver made up time and got to Paris punctually to the minute. His average speed for this run is said to have work out at sixty-eight miles per hour. The distance is edicated

